

# It's Only Fitting

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Summary: Suddenly, Hinata doesn't care about his height anymore.

Fluff, with hugs.

## It's Only Fitting

\*\*Yep, this happened. I was supposed to be working on Add a Little Pep to Your Step, and instead spent three hours in a car writing this awful thing. Well, anyway. It's fluffy.\*\*

\*\*I don't own a thing\*\*

As a child, Hinata had always looked up to the giants that were high schoolers. Being one of the shortest in his class, he could not wait until he grew up and towered over those that teased him about his height. Through all the jabs at his size, he just thought "Wait until high school, just a few more years." Of course, the older he got, the more he realized his stature was doomed to be 'fun-sized' for his whole life. This was a fact that bruised Hinata's pride each and every time it was mentioned.

Which is probably why it was consistently the basis of all Tsukishima's pointed insults and stinging comments. ("That too tall bastard")

The Karasuno team was working on blocks and receives, and the practice had been particularly grueling. By the end, Hinata had lost most of his usual spunk and excitement, not to mention jumping power. On his side of the net was Kageyama, Tsukishima, Nishinoya and Yamaguchi. On the other side was Daichi, Sugawara, Tanaka and Asahi. Everyone was feeling a bit worn out, but they continued to play. Daichi received Hinata's spike with ease, passing to Sugawara, who set to Tanaka. Tanaka spiked, and Tsukishima, Yamaguchi and Hinata jumped to block.

Only, the volleyball went straight over Hinata's head, smacking onto

the court without being touched. Hinata looked shocked, and embarrassed, but Daichi just let out a sigh.

"I think it's best we end practice here. We're all too tired to function properly." Most of the team let out a relieved sigh, and everyone headed over to the locker room to change. Hinata was still feeling embarrassed, which did not go unnoticed by the team's resident blonde smart ass.

"Wow, Hinata," Tsukishima smirked, "I know you're short, but to actually be so short you can't touch the ball... I'm actually impressed."

Hinata blushed, then frowned, trying to ignore the comment as he continued to change.

"Can you even reach to top shelf in your locker?" Yamaguchi giggled a bit from behind his friend.

Hinata pulled on his shirt and slammed his locker door, turning to face Tsukishima with a pout.

"Not all of us can tower over everyone, you stupid jerk!" He shouted before running out of the room. The rest of the volleyball team breathed a collective sigh, and looked toward Kageyama. Affronted, the dark haired setter pulled his own shirt on and grabbed both his and Hinata's bag before following his ultimate decoy.

It didn't take long for Kageyama to catch up to the red head, seeing as he probably figured out that he had left his stuff behind.

"Oi, Stupid Hinata," Kageyama called, "You forgot your bag."

Hinata stiffened, before turning to face Kageyama with a sheepish smile. He thanked him quietly and the two fell into step beside each other. It was oddly silent, since Hinata wasn't filling the air with pointless and often impossible to understand chatter. Kageyama began to worry, and he opened his mouth to question if Hinata was okay when the other spoke first.

"You know, being short stinks!" The comment surprised Kageyama, but before he could say anything, Hinata spoke again. "You really can't reach things on the top shelf, and you can never see over the people sitting in front of you, and everyone always teases you. Nishinoya-senpai can pull it off because he's so cool and dependable, but me? I can't even block!"

Hinata rambled on for a few more minutes and rather than reply, Kageyama merely maneuvered himself so that he was standing in front of Hinata, before grabbing his shoulder, and pulling him close and wrapping his arms around the small teen. Hinata's eyes widened, and, at first, he didn't realize what was happening, so he struggled against the other's grip. Kageyama refused to release Hinata, however, so he simply calmed himself and settled into Kageyama's chest, feeling more relaxed than he cared to admit.

Hinata's face was flush, his heart beating faster than he thought possible. His mind went from being silent, enjoying the comfort Kageyama provided to moving a mile a minute (because, oh Lord, KAGEYAMA was COMFORTING him), and back to silence again. Hinata was

both embarrassed and pleased at this moment. He wanted to smile, or maybe cry, to hide his face forever, or maybe look at the one hugging him so closely, to say something or stay silent and his heart was STILL pounding ridiculously loudly.

Except, Hinata realized finally, it wasn't HIS heart that was beating so heavily. Hinata's eyes flew open (when exactly had they slipped closed?), and he glanced up at Kageyama, only to see the taller boy looking at him with a slight blush. When he was caught staring, Kageyama looked away quickly, slight blush darkening a shade or two. Hinata turned to press his ear to the suddenly too-big chest in front of him. Sure enough, Kageyama's heart was beating almost scary-fast.

And suddenly, Hinata's height didn't matter so much anymore. He finds he doesn't care so much that he's much shorter than everyone else, because when Kageyama pulls him in close, his head rests over his heart, and somehow Hinata thinks that's important.

End  
file.